

WEEKLY



VISITOR,

OR,

## LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,  
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

No. 44]

SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1805.

[WHOLE No. 148

## CYTHERIDA,

## A PASTORAL ROMANCE.

(Continued from page 338.)

FAR from giving herself up to the excess of her grief, she struggled with it, and used all the arguments in her power to console Silamis. She made him promise to preserve his life, to endeavor at the deliverance of Cytherida, and hid from him with the greatest care the detention of Lysander.

This generous youth, who could not be long absent from Silamis, searched for him in the wood, and chance having conducted him to the place where Cytherida was, he found her stretched upon the grass, without any signs of life. Less troubled, or more happy than Silamis, he had hastened to the rivulet, and was returning to assist the mistress of his friend, when he saw her surrounded by many men. As soon as she perceived him, she conjured him to defend her: Lysander did not hesitate a moment, to jump upon one of his men: to run him through with his crook, and to take his sword from him were but the works of an instant, for the generous Lysander.

This courageous stroke was the easier as the astonishment into which these men were thrown, to see themselves

attacked by a single man; the shepherd prevented their making any resistance, and they saw their companion run through without endeavoring to assist him. Their surprize gave Lysander time to throw himself into the middle of them, and to seize their chief who held Cytherida in his arms. Barbarian! cried he, either give up Cytherida or thy life. At the same time, he gave him such a blow on his head as would infallibly have killed him, if one of his own people had not defended him at the expense of his life. In fine, this unfortunate man, fell dead at the feet of his master.Adrastus; for it was him, having learnt the escape of Cytherida, had so well taken his measures that he was acquainted with her arrival in Cyprus, and having followed her closely, had been at court, and pretending an aversion to ceremony had requested of the King to be treated only as a private gentleman.

The King received him with the utmost friendship, and assigned him a most superb palace for him and his attendants who, he said, he had left some days journey behind. This prince was acquainted with the voyage of Timocles to Delphos, and by presents and threats he made the oracle repeat what was told Cytherida. He quitted his Court, and was followed only by some persons devoted to his will; he had gone into the wood, where he found Cytherida, who was recovering from the swoon

already spoken of. Finding so favorable an occasion, he was determined not to let it escape; but thinking by the effort of Lysander, that he was the lover of this charming maid, and attributing the dislike of the shepherdess, only to her love for Lysander, his rage was so great, that he ordered all his people to fall upon this pretended rival, and to bind him, his intention being to put him to death by the most cruel tortments.

This order was executed, and notwithstanding the valor of Lysander and the cries of Cytherida, he was strongly bound, and tied upon a horse; when the company separating, those who conducted Lysander were met by the unfortunate Mantho, and the other by the unfortunate Silamis.

Mantho found means to calm the despair of this tender lover. They resolved on going together to Paphos, and to demand justice of the king, whose equity they were well acquainted with.

The night being too much advanced, they deferred their departure to the morrow. Mantho could not contain herself, she acquainted Silamis with the name of her daughter's ravisher, and the prison of Lysander. His transports redoubled; and he passed the night in a rage not to be expressed. They departed at the rising of Aurora. They had not gone far before they met near



twenty men, who asked them if they did not know a woman named Mantho. 'Tis I, replied the courageous mother: What is it ye want with me? Immediately without answering her, they forced her from the arms of Silamis, who seeing he could not protect her, followed and obtained of the guards leave to partake of her fate, saying she was his mother.

They were both conducted to Paphos and thrown into a dungeon without deigning to answer their questions, and they passed near a week in this frightful confinement; and their conversation had no other objects than Cytherida and Lisander. They were in continual apprehension for the fate of two persons so dear to them, and would willingly have sacrificed their lives to have been acquainted with what passed.

In the middle of the night, they heard the gates of their prison open; the guards who had taken them prisoners appeared, and loosing their chains, conducted them into a superb apartment, where they left them under the care of some of their companions.

Their surprize kept them silent for some moments; but recovering themselves they asked each other what this change could mean. Silamis whose thoughts ran wholly upon Cytherida, suddenly cried out; ah, my mother! I am lost. We are without doubt in the palace of Adrastus, my rival; Cytherida trembling for your days, will give herself to this unworthy prince, and . . . They were here interrupted by their guards, who conducted them into a more elegant apartment than the former. But gods! What became of Mantho and Silamis. The charming Cytherida lay at the feet of the cruel Adrastus, who with an uplifted sabre, only waited their answer to let it fall on this adorable girl; the faithful Lysander in chains, a guard holding a javelin to his breast, ready to pierce it upon the smallest motion, these were the wretched objects which struck the eyes of a lover, a friend and an unfortunate mother.

The furious Adrastus made them come nearer, and placing Cytherida between the two friends: which is thy lover? said he, The shepherdess frightened and trembling for the lives of persons so dear to her, hesitated to answer, when Lisander, in order to prevent her

cried out, I am he, must I again repeat it? Dost thou not remember that I would have sacrificed thee to my just resentment? What is it you wait for barbarian; strike, and deliver me from the horror of beholding such a monster.

Stop, Adrastus, cried Silamis, ! do not confound the innocent with the guilty. I am Silamis the lover of Cytherida; if it is a crime to adore her, and to hate thee, cease to torment thyself; thy rival fears thee not. Release Cytherida, Mantho and Lisander, and punish me for having dared to adore what nature has formed the most lovely. Ungrateful man, said the shepherdess sobbing, is this the reward for the most tender friendship? What! wouldst thou die, and leave me a prey to this monster! die, if thou wilt, but let us die together, let one stroke put an end to both our lives, and one tomb unite us both. Yes, Tyrant, continued she, looking at Adrastus, finish; why hesitate you to take our lives! . . . But why do I say ours? What have these shepherds done? before I knew them you used me ill; hatred and disdain were the only sentiments which my heart felt for thee. I disdain thy anger, and abandon my life without regret; thy persecutions have made it hateful to me. But if thou hadst the least remorse in thy ferocious soul, content thyself with one victim and spare two unfortunate creatures whose pity for me only has brought on their misfortunes. Set Silamis and Lysander free, that after having seen me fetch my last sigh, they may go and console with my mother. That . . . Ah! my daughter, cried Mantho, in endeavoring to approach her, you shall not die alone; life without you would be odious to me. Monster said she, hurried on by the greatness of her grief, satisfy thy rage, massacre the mother, the son, the daughter, and the friend; but do not expect that I will name the man whom Cytherida and I have made choice of,

Adrastus, trembling with rage and shame, turning towards Cytherida: speak audacious wench, says he, name the traitor who dares declare himself my rival; upon this condition I will spare the lives of your mother, and this friend who is so dear to you; but on the contrary, if you persist in your refusal, they shall both die, and my hand shall itself pluck out this heart

which you prefer to mine. Cytherida terrified, knew not how to act; her mother, far from being frightened on her account encouraged her to brave the most cruel tortures.

Adrastus tired with their repeated refusals; at length gave the fatal signal: his guards fell upon the four unfortunate victims . . . —But, O wondrous to relate! the skies were obscured with darkness, the thunder roared, the earth shook, all nature seemed convulsed, and this horrid moment dismayed the fierce Adrastus and his guards.

On a sudden the thunder ceases, the earth closes, the sky cleared up, and Love supported by the Zephyrs descends on a luminous cloud.

Be free tender lovers, be happy; Love commands it. He spoke and the palace of Adrastus disappeared; the chains of the two friends fell off, and Mantho, Cytherida, Silamis, and Lysander found themselves in the wood where they first saw each other. They all prostrated themselves and returned thanks to the god of Love. Scarcely had they finished their ardent prayer, before they heard a delightful melody, the birds ceased their warblings to listen to it; all nature in silence partook of the transports of all sensible beings. Our four shepherds looked at each other with astonishment; the nearer the harmony approached them, the more their hearts tasted that pure pleasure which is the lot of virtuous minds. —The harmony ceased, and Love having in his train, Hymen, holding two crowns of roses. —The Pleasures followed chained by this god. Adrastus appeared at the distance of a few paces: Jealousy and Rage guarded him closely and compelled him to be witness to the happiness of the lovers. Love made a sign; Adrastus forced by an irresistible power advanced, and the god of Cytherea addressing himself to the shepherds, spoke thus: Adrastus has long made you tremble; determine his fate: he is in your hands.

Let him live, cried they all unanimously, let him repent; it is the only vengeance that is lawful for us to take on this happy day. Virtuous shepherds, replied Love, your prudence renders you worthy of the fate I intend you. Yes, I abandon Cytherea, and all the places where I am worshipped; I de-



ascend into your hearts, the only temple on earth worthy of me. Love and Hymen united and crowned them, and Wisdom in conjunction with these two divinities, rendered these tender lovers an example to, and the admiration of distant ages. The venerable Mantho, and the faithful Lisander shared their felicity, and all four enjoyed happiness unknown to mortals.

Adrastus, the ferocious, cruel Adrastus, made many vain efforts to steal away from the sight of this fortunate couple: at last the furies dragged him away; he returned to Lydia, where soon after he met with a death too good for so great a villain.

#### VARIETIES

#### OF THE HUMAN SPECIES.

#### AN EXTRACT.

Concluded from page 342.

**T**HERE is nothing about which travellers are more divided than concerning the height of these Patagonians. M. de Bougainville, who visited another part of this coast, in the year 1767, asserts that the Patagonians are not gigantic; and that what makes them appear so, is their prodigious broad shoulders, the size of their heads, and the thickness of their limbs. Some time before Mr. Byron made this voyage, it was the subject of warm contest among men of science in this country, whether a race of men upon the coast of Patagonia above common stature, did really exist: and the contradictory reports, made by ocular witnesses, concerning this fact, tended to perplex the question—It appears that, during one hundred years, almost all navigators, of whatever country agree in affirming the existence of a race of giants upon these coasts; but, during another century, a much greater number agree in denying the fact, treating their predecessors as idle fabulists. Barbenas speaks of a race of giants in South America; and the Inca Garcilassa de la Vega, in his history of Peru, is decisively on the same side of the question. Torquemando records the American traditions concerning a race of giants, and a deluge which happened in remote times in these parts. Magellan, Louisa, Sarmiento, and Nodal

among the Spaniards—and Cavendish, Hawkins and Knivet, among the English—while Sebald, Oliver de Noort, Le Maire, and Spilberg, among the Dutch—together with some French voyagers—all bear testimony to the fact, that the inhabitants of Patagonia, were of a gigantic height; On the contrary, Winter, the Dutch admiral; Hermite Froger, in De Gennes' Narrative, and Sir John Narborough deny it. To reconcile these different opinions, we have only to suppose that the country is inhabited by distinct races of men, one of which is a size beyond the ordinary pitch, the other not gigantic, though perhaps tall and remarkably large limbed, and that each possess parts of the country separate and remote from the other.

That some giants inhabit these regions can now no longer be doubted; since the concurrent testimony of late English navigators, particularly Commodore Byron, Captains Wallis and Carteret, gentlemen of unquestionable veracity, establish the fact, from their not only having seen and conversed with these people, but even measured them. Mr. Clarke, who sailed with Commodore Byron, and who in the last voyage of discovery, succeeded, on the death of capt. Cook, to the command of the two ships, addressed a paper to the secretary, of the royal society, which was read in 1766, and fully testified the gigantic height of the Patagonians. To these testimonies, Mr. Pennant, actuated by the zeal for science which distinguishes him on all occasions, has been enabled to add another, which is that of father Falkener, a Jesuit, but a native of England, who was alive a few years since, and whom Mr. Pennant visited for the express purpose of gaining certain information concerning the Patagonians, as he had been sent on a mission into their country about the year 1742. The Father (who was very communicative, and about seventy years of age when he imparted his information to our enquirer) asserted, that the tallest which he measured, in the same manner that Mr. Byron did, was seven feet eight inches high; the common height of the men was six feet, and there were numbers who were shorter: the tallest woman did not exceed six feet. The particulars of this conversation, Mr. Pennant communicated in a letter addressed to the honorable

Daines Barrington, which has since been printed at a private press, but only a few copies taken off to gratify the author's private friends.

Notwithstanding the concurring testimony concerning the height of the Patagonians. M. de Buffon does not admit the existence of a race of giants, which Lord Monboddoo strenuously contends for: in doing which, he relates that M. de Guyot, captain of a French ship trading to the South Sea, brought from Patagonia, a skeleton of one of these giants, which measured between twelve and thirteen feet, purposing to bring it to Europe; but happening to be overtaken by a violent storm, and having the Spanish Archbishop of Lima on board, the ecclesiastic declared, that the storm was caused by the bones of the Pagan then on board, and insisted in having the skeleton thrown into the sea. His Lordship adds, The Archbishop died soon after, and was thrown overboard in his turn. I could have wished that he had been thrown overboard sooner, and then the bones of the Patagonian would have arrived safe in France, though I am persuaded they would not have made Buffon alter his opinion, but he would have still maintained, that it was only an accidental variety of the individual, not any difference of the race.

At Trinity College, Dublin, in the anatomical room, there is the skeleton, between 7 and 8 feet high, of one Magrath, who was born near Cloyne. This man was carried through various parts of Europe, and exhibited as the prodigious Irish giant; but such was his early imbecility, both of body and mind, that he died of old age in his twentieth year.

The account of this prodigy is given by a very sensible writer, and is as follows: In his infancy he became an orphan, and was provided for by the famous Berkley, then bishop of Cloyne. This subtle doctor, who denied the existence of matter, was as inquisitive in his physical researches as he was whimsical in his metaphysical speculations; when I tell you he had well nigh put an end to his own existence by experimenting what are the sensations of a person dying on the gallows, you will be the more ready to forgive him for the treatment of this poor orphan. The Bishop had a strange fancy to know



whether it was not in the power of art to increase the human stature, and this unhappy infant appeared to him a fit subject for trial. He made his essay according to his pre-conceived theory, whatever it might be; and the consequence was, that he became seven feet in his sixteenth year.

In the same letter follows an account of another skeleton, which is preserved in the college, of one Clark, a native of Cork, who was called the ossified man. Early in life his joints stiffened, his locomotive powers were lost, and his very jaws grew together; so that it became necessary for his sustenance to pour liquids into his mouth by means of a hole perforated through his teeth. He lived in this state several years, leaning against a wall, till at length the very organs of life were converted into bone.

### THE FRENCH THEATRES AND AUTHORS.

BY KOTZEBUE.

AMONG the preferences which the enemies of Frenchmen cannot refuse them, is ever the liberal enthusiasm with which they encourage and reward genius and the fine arts. Music, painting, dramatic and musical compositions, are not here, as in many German places, wandering pilgrims, who are only endured; and have reason to rejoice when they are not prevented from gaining their bread by their talents and their industry. Here they are honored, loved and esteemed. It has even been thought worth while to create laws for them. No literary robbers, or plundering counterfeits, dare here encroach upon the productions of genius. Every one gathers the fruits of his labors, and if it be good, he may be sure it produces hundred-fold rewards. With us it is quite the contrary.

Authors and composers for the theatre and the opera are treated in the following manner:—When their pieces are represented, each receipt is divided into three parts, and of this third part they obtain a seventh part. This is, perhaps, thought a trifle, but as they obtain this seventh part, not once, but as long as they live, and their heirs ten years after their death. They do not receive this only at Paris, but from every theatre all over

France, not only as long as the piece remains in manuscript, but even after it is printed, because no director of any theatre dares to exhibit their pieces without first asking their permission. They are even severe against plagiarism, because the laws punish it severely. It may be said, that it is impossible for the authors to know where and how often their pieces have been represented, and how great the receipt has been, and that they of course are exposed to imposition. But the laws have foreseen all these difficulties. At Paris is an office instituted for nothing else. Here the authors present their works, and have them noted or registered, and the office is responsible for the rest. It has its correspondents all over France, cash-keepers, &c. and for the trifling sum of two per cent. pays the authors regularly their due. As in France are found upwards of an hundred theatres, it is clear that authors of popular and fashionable pieces can calculate upon forty thousand livres for the first two years. After this time they may expect less; but the French *repertoires* are much less varied than ours, and the authors can therefore calculate upon a regular yearly income received in the most independent manner, and upon the most just basis, as the amount depends upon the goodness of the work. Has it only qualities to glitter for a moment, is seldom represented; but, if it possess true merit, it is sure of being often exhibited. An author, who has the good luck to have received at the *repertoire* of the *Theatre Francois* three or four pieces, is not only certain of subsistence for his life, but leaves to his children a certain yearly revenue. What an honorable pension; but it is only in France where one has an opportunity to merit it.

Madame Mole, who, in her own manner, has arranged my piece of *Misanthropie et Repentir*, (*The Stranger*, in English,) has already received for it 60,000 livres (£2,500.) and the piece continues still to be played at Paris, often upon three theatres the same night. For me, who am the author, it has not brought in two hundred rix dollars (£45.) The known and amiable composer, d'Alayrac receives yet for his former works, besides the capital, one hundred louis d'ors in the month from the provinces, or £1,200 sterling in the year, for which he does not write a line.

With such regard are not only the authors but the actors treated in France, that both, if possessing talents, may hope for a fortunate old age; they are not rewarded, or rather dismissed, with a trifling pension of a couple of hundred rix-dollars, upon which they can neither live nor die, at least they cannot live as they were used to do. No, they retire in a state of ease and comfort, even surpassing that they enjoyed when their strength and health permitted them to amuse the public. This happens in the following manner: The *Theatre Francois* is under the direction of the Members. After all expenses are paid, the profit is divided into twenty-five lots.—The first and oldest actors and actresses have a whole lot, others an half, &c.—The person who has a whole lot, obtains, yearly, from 25, to 30,000 livres, but of this sum, a little is retained every month, amounting, however, in a year to 72,000 livres. This sum is lent out upon interest. When one has served 20 years, he can retire with comfort, if he is only 40 years old; because first is returned to him in ready money what has been retained, which amounts to 30,000 livres. Then he receives a benefit at the grand opera, which, if he is beloved never is less than 30,000 livres. For the third, he receives from his former comrades an annuity, during his life, of 2,000; and for the fourth, a pension to the same amount, from the common theatrical funds. He has besides a right to preserve his place among the actors if he has health and youth. Such was the case with the famous actor, La Rive. I imagined him to be an old man, when he is hardly past 40. To enjoy life, he has purchased, in the delightful valley of Montmorency, a small estate called *Mentlignon*, to which he has retired in the vigor of life.

From the Charleston Times.

### ON MUSIC.

"Oh Music, sphere descended maid,  
"Friend of pleasure, wisdom's aid,"

COLLINS.

MUSIC regarded in its pristine state was the pure, gratuitous, and inestimable gift of Omnipotence. Each of the feathered tribe possessed their own peculiar notes, and chanted the delights of nature by undissembled re-



joicings. And man rendered by divine pleasure so far superior to all other works of the creation, also excelled in this particular; the diversity of his tones marked the feelings of his soul, and the most impassioned and sympathetic expressions flowed natively from his heart, until enraptured with the faculty, he improved it into a science, while yet the world was in its infancy—sacred writ, records the name of Jubal as the father of all such who handle the harp and organ; Jubal was of the sixth generation from Adam. Thus early this favored science grew among men; an art so much esteemed in those remote ages, that Moses was taught by inspiration to mark its origin.

Where this antideluvian science received is a secret of no importance; some ingenious authors have traced it to the Nile; and attribute its reanimation to the reeds on the bank of that river. Lucretius, the Roman philosopher and poet, more naturally imputes it to the birds; while the sagacious Plutarch ascribes its invention to Amphion, who, after building the city of Thebes, with his harp introduced music into Greece, from whence it became gradually disseminated among the neighboring nations as they became more civilized and cultivated—and at last burst into that universal and effulgent blaze, that now warms every feeling and noble heart.

But although I have endeavored to trace it from its origin, and recount it as only existing at certain times in particular nations, still had the savage and uncouth barbarian his own self-taught instruments, and their hearts were equally alive to the charms and supernatural influence of Music. Ossian's lyre, even in those dark ages, resounded to the glory of Fingal, of valor, and of love; even then were Bards caressed, revered, and admired; and the Goths, Vandals, and other antique nations, of dispositions fierce and warlike, whose chief delight existed in revelry or battle, were also fascinated with the charms of Music. The trumpet's blast filled their impetuous breasts with irresistible valor, and taught the hardy warrior to conquer or die.

Auditors to those martial sounds dared act as gods, nor would they stoop to common exploits; Herculean labors vanished before their enthusiastic ar-

dor; the northern wind no longer chilled their bosoms, and fields of snow were traversed as vernal and exuberant plains.

If in those *goriah* days, the barbarian's heart yielded to the secret impulse of Music, how much more barbarous are those who exist, surrounded by innumerable paths to the acquirement of knowledge, and who still remain insensible to this criterion of human affections—who see the most noble and natural passions working in another's soul, while their breasts remain undisturbed, cold as death, and dull as the lakes of Holland,

*That slumber in the storm.*

In Gothic times, when universal darkness and bigotry, clouded the hemisphere of Europe, minstrels and bards were much beloved, and every where most hospitably entertained; every baron supported his musician, who at their festivals chanted the warlike exploits that adorned the memory of their valiant ancestors. Those men acquired such an ascendancy over the minds of their countrymen, that Edward the first of England, after the conquest of Wales, was tempted to issue that cruel mandate, which stamps an indelible stain upon his character, commanding the massacre, of the bards of Wales. Mr. Hume observes, that it was an inhuman, though a politic measure. Politic, because a love of liberty, and a detestation of slavery, were taught by their moral strains—a motive sufficiently powerful to endear music to every American, whose virtuous hearts should nurture every principle that tends to the preservation of sacred freedom.

ALEXIS,

*From the Quebec Mercury.*

We sometime past, mentioned in our paper, the fate of a miser who perished in the fire, at St. Thomas', and whose skeleton was said to be found extended over his iron chest. Attached to some St. Croix Gazettes, we have received from a friend, a narrative of that fire in MS. Here follows an extract:—

**A**MONGST those who lost their lives was an old German, who had been many years a resident, and by the dint of usurious schemes and illegal traffic, had accumulated much wealth:

when living he was a very bad neighbor a shocking unmerciful master, and no man's friend. When any needy wretch unfortunately fell into his clutches, he always dealt with him most unfeelingly to increase his pelf, for

*"His God was Gold his Religion theft."*

An hour before the fire extended to his house one of his white companions told him that if he would trust his bags of gold and dollars to his house, he might send them with his negroes, that they should be safe, but this he refused to do. Presently after, as the fire was approaching, he was requested by the same man to unbind one of his slaves, whom he had chained to a post for some misdemeanor, and this he also refused to comply with, but suffered him to burn to ashes.

*The reptile soul, whose reasoning powers were spent  
Within the logic bounds of Cent. per Cent.*

Would trust no man white nor black, but stuck close to his chests in the midst of the flames, till reduced to a skeleton; no doubt he had no power before or at the last gasp to beg for mercy; we are informed that the last exclamations of the sordid, soulless, cankered wretch were,

*Oh, my Dollars! my Dollars! my darling Dollars!*

*The fire is consuming me—Adieu! adieu! adieu! !*

Next day among the immensity of ruins exposed after such awful devastations, his bones were found close by a large iron chest, with the key of it clinched fast to the parched bones of his wrist. No less than 80,000 dollars were found which were lodged in the fort to be appropriated to the relief of the real sufferers.

Hear this all ye misers, and tremble; of all the filthy, carnivorous animals of God's creating, ye are most detestable and hateful in his eyes.

#### FEMALE DRESS.

*The government of Switzerland have addressed the following circular letter to all the lieutenants:—*

**T**HE advocate and lesser council of the canton of Fribourg, see, with great displeasure, that, in some parts of our



canton, the fair sex have renounced morality, which is their brightest ornament, and introduced, and adopted those costumes, which are foreign from our manners, and contrary to public decency.—Those fashions, extremely foolish and ridiculous, must inevitably make a dangerous impression on a people who have not yet entirely renounced those manners which distinguished their ancestors. They contribute to the contamination of public morality.

Adopted with blind enthusiasm, and followed with fury by the pleasure loving crowd, what fatal effects may not be produced to those whose education being neglected, are but feebly secured against the allurements of vice. We tremble for the moment when morality shall disappear!

This public scandal has so much excited the attention of ecclesiastical authority, that they have addressed us to solicit our attention to repress, by the most efficacious means, this growing evil. These means will be without effect; so long as those who, in the interior of their families; those to whom God and nature have given the most sacred duties of inculcating virtue, neglect to seriously reform themselves. A general remedy must discover the existence of the evil, the knowledge of which is always dangerous and obnoxious to those who may be really ignorant of it; even the publicity of it is a scandal which ought to be avoided.

To retain as much as possible simplicity of manners in our canton, and to avoid such threatening inconveniences, it appears to us, that the only efficacious means consist in the timely interference of the tribunal of morals, consequently the justices of peace, as presidents of these tribunals, will receive from them the following instructions:—

If a person of the female sex dress in such a manner as to offend decency and morality, the justice of the peace, as president of the tribunal of manners, must address the parents, guardians, or husbands to engage them to exert that power which is given them by nature, and the laws, to bring the persons back to the paths of propriety and prudence, and apprise them, that if they still continue refractory, they must cite them before the tribunal of morals.

And if these representations are ineffectual, or if the weakness of parents, guardians, or husbands, afford no hope of amendment, and that the exhortations of the justices of peace should prove of no effect, then shall these menaces be executed, and such contaminated women shall be made to appear before the tribunal of manners, which will censure them for their irreligious and immoral conduct, exhort them to fulfil their duties, and represent to them with energy, how ridiculous and indecent is that dress, which, beside the scandal that it occasions, exposes a virtuous woman to the danger of being confounded in the public eyes with those unhappy females who justly merit general contempt.—*La Clef du Cabinet.*

### INDEPENDENCE.

[A number of young gentlemen and ladies assembled in Harmony Grove, in the town of Lyme (Con.) for the purpose of celebrating the anniversary of American Independence: a collation was prepared by the ladies for the occasion, of which the party partook—sprightly conversation, and chaste conviviality, such as gladden the heart, and chase dull care, were the order of the day:—among others, the following toasts were drank:]

[Con. Gaz.]

*Sowers of Discord*—MAY they walk bare-foot upon the thistles of anxiety, and reap the thorns of contempt with the sickle of despair.

*The Tea Party*\*—Thirty-one years since, our fathers' patriotism deprived our mothers of the use of tea—may our mothers' tea never deprive us of our fathers' patriotism.

*Wives*—May their virtuous conduct induce each husband to exclaim—

"Should I ten thousand years enjoy my life,  
I could not praise enough so good a wife."

*Husbands*—

May they avoid those plagues of life—  
"An empty purse, and scolding wife."

*Old Maids*—

May each one look back with the deepest regret,  
And no more exclaim—"There is time eno' yet."

*Old Bachelors*—May love burn their cold hearts to a cinder.

*Coquettes*—May each be blessed with a Coxcomb.

\* Alluding to the circumstance of a general search being made, when all the tea found was taken and burnt.

*The ladies present*—

"May they to candor, truth, and charity divine,  
The modest, decent, lovely virtues join."

*The present times*—The age of nakedness, transparencies, Suwarrow boots, and mammoth pantaloons.

*Ourselves*—May we

"Seek not to know the bliss or pain  
That from to-morrow takes its birth;  
But count this day a present gain—  
Enjoy sweet love and festal mirth."

## The Visitor.

SATURDAY, August 3, 1805.

### LIST OF DEATHS IN N. YORK.

The city inspector reports the death of 46 persons during the week ending on Saturday last.

Of CONSUMPTION 10—amenorrhæa 1—apoplexy 2—convulsions 4—debility 3—decay 1—dropsy 1—drowned 1—dysentery 4—hectic fever 1—typhus fever 1—flux 5—inflammation of the lungs 1—palsy 1—peripneumony 1—pleurisy 1—small pox 1—sore throat 1—spitting blood 1—sprue 1—sudden death 1—teething 1—and 2 of worms.—

Of whom 8 were men—14 women—13 boys—and 11 girls.

Of whom 16 were of and under the age of one year—5 between 1 and 2—2 between 2 and 5—1 between 5 and 10—2 between 10 and 20—5 between 20 and 30—7 between 30 and 40—4 between 40 and 50—1 between 50 and 60—1 between 60 and 70—1 between 70 and 80—and 1 between 80 and 90—

On Sunday evening Jeremiah Coles, a native of England, and Boatswain of the ship Oliver Elsworth, fell into the North River, at Mr. Schermerhorn's dock and was drowned. He has left behind him a wife and a daughter about seven years old, and a good character.

### STEPHEN ARNOLD.

It will be remembered, that, at the last Oyer and Terminer in the county of Otsego, the murderer of the little girl, (whose peculiar sufferings excites such a lively interest, even at this remote distance from the scene of action) received his trial and condemnation. The court appointed Friday, the 19th July, between the hours of 11 and 2, as the time of his execution. We are in-



formed by a gentleman, lately from Cooperstown, that not less than ten thousand people assembled on that occasion. Between the hours of eleven and twelve the prisoner was taken from the place of his confinement with a rope round his neck, seated on his coffin, and conveyed on a cart to the place of execution. It was with difficulty that a company of artillery could sufficiently disperse the throng, to enable the criminal to pass; and it was with equal difficulty that a company of infantry, formed in the rear and on each side of the criminal, could secure him and the procession from the pressure of the multitude. After the procession had reached the place of execution, and the criminal had ascended the scaffold, prayers were attended, and a solemn affecting sermon delivered, by the rev. Mr. Lewis. The clergy, and others who were near the prisoner, then took him by the hand, and recommended him to the mercy and favor of his God.

The conduct of Arnold, ever since his arrest, is said to have been decent, and expressive of the deepest conviction of his crime. On this occasion particularly, his conduct was such as to excite a very lively sympathy in the surrounding multitude. He seemed to

"Walk thoughtful on the silent solemn shore,  
Of that vast ocean he must sail so soon."

After the prisoner had made a short address to the people, and had informed the executioner that he might perform his duty, the Sheriff rose and read a reprieve which he had received from the Governor, after the solemnities of the day had commenced. The criminal was so overcome with the emotions which this unexpected intelligence produced, that he fainted and fell senseless from his seat. When he had a little recovered, he was re-conducted to the prison, with the same ceremony with which he had been conveyed to the scaffold.

Com. Ad.

## LONDON FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

**Promenade and Full Dresses.**—1. A dress of white muslin, made plain over the bosom, with short sleeves; cloak of apple blossom silk, trimmed with deep white lace. A white satin hat trimmed with crape and ornamented with a green sprig in front.—2. A dress of plain muslin, with apple blossom

cloak, the same as the former representing the manner it is worn behind. A hat of satin and crape ornamented with a flower.—3. Ball dress worn at Frogmore. A dress of white crape, richly embroidered in stripes, with silver; the sleeves and button of the dress looped up with silver tassels; the whole covered with spangles. The hair dressed with a diamond bandeau and ostrich feathers. White gloves and shoes.

**Head dresses.**—1. Cap of lace and crape bound and trimmed with primrose colors.—2. Cap of white lace, tied under the chin with a blue silk handkerchief, and ornamented with a yellow flower.—3. Turban of apple blossom silk, with white ostrich feather. 4. Cap of pink crape, with a deep white lace round the front, and ornamented with a flower. 5, and 6. Straw hats turned up in front. 7. A bonnet of blue silk. 8. The hair dressed in the most fashionable manner, with a wheat wreath. 9. Bonnet of buff silk with a wreath of roses.

**General observations.**—The prevailing colors are apple blossom, primrose, lilac, and blue. Long Spanish cloaks lined with colored silk, and tied close round the throat are much worn. For walking, short dresses of cambric muslin, made high in the neck with a collar, and a very deep flounce round the bottom, is much worn. Straw hats are universally worn, chiefly turned up in front.

## MARRIED.

On Saturday evening last, Mr. — Lawrence, to Miss Eliza Woodward, both of this city.

## DIED.

Lately at Curacao, J. C. Holthuysen, esq. formerly a respectable merchant in this city.

At New Haven, after a short illness, on Monday the 22 July, in the 45th year of his age, Mr. Jeremiah Townsend, a merchant of this city.

## Scales, Weights, & Measures.

ABRAHAM CARGILL,  
PUBLIC SEALER OF WEIGHTS, MEASURES, SCALE BEAMS, & YARDS,  
No. 250, Water-street.

Four doors West of Peck Slip;

Where he continues to carry on his Manufactory of Tin, Copper, Brass, and Sheet Iron, Ware; and keeps on hand, a general assortment of Scales, Weights, and Measures, with a variety of Japan'd Pewter and Hollow Ware.

N. B. Weights and Measures Adjusted and Sealed at the shortest notice.

## W. S. TURNER,

Inform his friends and the public, that he has removed from No. 13, PARK, to No. 71 Nassau-street, where he practices PHYSIC, and the profession of SURGEON DENTIST.

He fits ARTIFICIAL TEETH upon such principles that they are not merely ornamental, but answer the desirable purposes of nature, and so neat in appearance that they cannot be discovered from the most natural.—His method also of CLEANING the TEETH is generally approved of, and allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set without incurring the slightest pain, or injury to the enamel.—In the most raging TOOTH-ACHE his TINCTURE has rarely proved ineffectual, but if the DECAY is beyond the power of remedy, his attention in extracting CARIOUS TEETH upon the most improved CHIRURGICAL principles is attended with infinite ease and safety.

Mr. TURNER will wait on any gentleman or lady at their respect ice houses, or he may be consulted at No. 71 Nassau St. where may be had his ANTISCORBUTIC TOOTH-POWDER, an innocent and valuable preparation of his own from chymical knowledge. It has been considerably esteemed the last ten years; and many medical characters both use and recommend it, as by a constant application of it, the TEETH become beautifully white, the GUMS are braced, and assume a firm and healthful red appearance, the loosened TEETH are rendered fast in their sockets, the breath imparts a delectable sweetness, and that destructive accumulation of TARTAR, together with DECAY and TOOTH-ACHE prevented.

The TINCTURE and POWDER may likewise be had at G. & R. White's store, No. 64, Maiden-lane.

## VALUABLE INFORMATION

to those who are subject to the Tooth-ach.

BARDWELL'S Tooth-ach drops, the only Medicine yet discovered which gives immediate relief from this tormenting pain.

Since this efficacious medicine was first made public, many thousand persons have experienced its salutary effects. The following recent case is selected from a numerous list.

Extract of a letter recently received.

Gentlemen,

"I had been tormented with the most excruciating pain in my teeth and face for nearly two months, and could obtain no relief from various medicines which I tried. Being strongly recommended to try Bardwell's Tooth-Ache Drops, I procured a bottle, and applied them according to the directions, and also bathed the side of my face with them, which was exceeding sore, occasioned by the long continuance of violent pain. In a few minutes after I applied this valuable medicine, the pain entirely ceased, and has never troubled me since. I feel real pleasure in making this acknowledgment of their merit, not only in compliment to you for so happy a discovery, but to induce the public confidence in a medicine so highly deserving, and from which mankind are likely to derive such eminent services. It is certainly the most efficacious medicine I ever heard of. You have my permission to make this letter public."

ELIZABETH CASEMORE.

No. 15, Thomas-Street, New-York.  
Price, One Dollar.

Sold by appointment at Messrs. Ming & Young's No. 103 Water-Street, Mr. Lawrence Bowers, 433 Pearl-street, & wholesale and retail at Stokes & Co's Medicine Warehouse No. 20 Bowery Lane.





**A REPLY TO A LADY'S ENQUIRY  
AFTER THE DERIVATION  
OF THE WORD  
SYMPATHY.**

**H**OW could you, dear Lucy, one moment sup-  
A disciple of Euclid could shine [pose  
In explaining a word, which in *tenderness* rose  
Long before we were taught to define!

'Tis a term quite remote from a pedantic brain,  
And unknown to philosophy's art;  
Mathematical skill can no knowledge obtain  
In the intricate ways of the heart.

Yet, strange as it tells—when I view that lov'd face  
O'erspread with the semblance of care,  
In my breast at that moment I instantly trace  
A feeling as cold as Despair!

Again.—when I see it illumin'd with joy,  
The chilling sensation soon flies,  
And I find, that my pleasures you raise or destroy  
By the turn of those soft-speaking eyes.

Is this, then the produce of Sympathy's art?  
Or is it a more *tender glow*?  
That thus feelingly runs through each pore of my  
When my Lucy's the victim of woe! [heart,

HENRY,

**ADVICE.**

**S**AYS young Damon, one day, to his prudent old  
Sir,

"Sir, to rise in the world is my warmest desire:  
"Pray, then, how shall I quickest, and best, become  
great,

"And command much respect, Sir?"—"Why get  
"an estate."

"What will make me at dinners, and spouting clubs,  
"summus,

"And make willings adore and applaud me, Sir?"  
—"Nummus!"

"Should a widow attract by her beauty and sense,  
"Pray what arguments first should I use?"—"3  
"per cents."

"But, young Delia I long in these arms to enfold;  
"What will gain me her love and affection, Sir?"

"—Gold!"  
"What will dive into closets, and secrets unlock,  
"And discover intrigues and cabals, Sir?"—"Bank  
"Stock."

"Will aught make me support whate'er Ministers  
"mention,

"And give them my vote, right or wrong?"—"—  
"Yes, a penny!"

"Suppose some disorder should ruin my health,  
"What will bring me relief in my misery?"—"—  
"Wealth."

"And to spend all I gain, should I prove such a ninny,  
"What will cure all my ills in this world, Sir?"

"—A penny.—"  
But if nothing is left, then you might as well stay,  
Charon won't take you, e'en to the De'el, without pay.

\* *Shakespeare* appears to have been of the same  
opinion.

O the charity of a penny cord!

It sums up thousands in a trice:

You have no true debtor and creditor but it—

Of what's past, is, and to come, 'tis the dis-  
Cymb. Act 5, Sc. 4. (charge

**WISDOM and KNOWLEDGE.**

**AN EXTRACT.**

**K**NOWLEDGE and Wisdom, far from being  
one;

Have oft times no connexion. Knowledge dwells

In heads replete with thoughts of other men,

Wisdom, in minds attentive to their own.

Knowledge, a rude unprofitable mass,

The mere materials with which Wisdom builds,

Till smooth'd, and squar'd, and fitted to its place,

Does but incumber whom it seems to enrich.

Knowledge is proud that he has learn'd so much.

Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.

Books are not seldom talismans and spells,

By which the magic art of shrewder wits

Holds an unthinking multitude enthral'd.

Some to the fascination of a name

Surrender judgment hood wink'd. Some the stile

Infatuates, and through labyrinths and wilds

Of error, leads them by a tune entranc'd.

While sloth seduces more, too weak to bear

The unsupportable fatigue of thought,

And swallowing therefore, without pause or choice,

The total grist, unsifted, husks, and all.

But trees, and rivulets whose rapid course

Defies the check of winter, haunts of deer,

And sheep walks, populous with bleating lambs,

And lanes, in which the primrose, ere her time,

Peeps thro' the moss that clothes the hawthorn root,

Deceive no student. Wisdom there, and truth,

Not shy as in the world, and to be won

By slow solicitation, sieg'd at once

The roving thought, and fix it on themselves.

**EPIGRAM.**

**A**S a wag at a ball to a nymph on each arm  
Alternately turning, and thinking to charm,

Exclaimed in these words of which QUIN was the  
giver,

"You'r my gizzard, my dear; and my love you'r my  
liver.

Alas I cried the fair on the left, to what use?

For you never saw either served up with a goose.

**N. SMITH,**

Chymical Perfumer from Lon-  
don, at the New York Hair-Powder  
and Perfume Manufactory, the Rose  
No. 114, opposite the City-Hotel,  
Broad-Way.



Smith's improved Chymical Milk of Roses, so  
well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples,  
redness, or sunburns; has not its equal for whiten-  
ing and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and  
is very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving—with  
printed directions—6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or  
3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair  
and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s.  
and 6s. per pot, with printed directions.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. per lb.

Do. Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.

His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.

Highly improved sweet scented hard and soft Po-  
matums, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.

His white almond Wash-ball, 2s. and 3s. each.

Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do.

Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with  
fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a  
most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness  
and chaps, leaves them quite smooth, 2s.—4s. per box

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all  
kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and  
comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the  
skin, making it smooth, delicate, and fair, to be had  
only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chymical Dentrifrice Tooth Powder, for the  
Teeth and Gums, warranted, 2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash-ball, far  
superior to any other for softening, beautifying and  
preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume, sold  
with printed directions, 4s. and 8s. each.

**LITERATURE.**

The subscriber respectfully informs his employers and  
the public in general, that he will continue his School at  
No. 17 Banker-Street as usual; and will open another  
the first of May, in that spacious, airy and beautiful  
House and Situation, on the corner of Grand and Or-  
chard-Streets, now occupied by Mr. Whippo. He has  
employed persons to assist him in teaching, whose abili-  
ties are adequate to the task of teaching English Li-  
terature in its various branches. The subscriber will  
superintend both schools, and make it the top of his ap-  
pition to render instruction particularly useful to em-  
ployers, and reciprocally discharge his duty in every  
respect relating to Science, Morality and the civil de-  
partment of his pupils. The subscriber purposes living  
at the last mentioned House, and can accommodate sev-  
eral genteel boarders, the house being very roomy, and  
therewith a beautiful yard of five lots of ground covered  
with grass, and shaded with cherry and peach trees.

W. D. LEZELL.

No. 17, Banker-Street, New-York,

N. B. The subscriber writes Deeds, Mortgages,  
Indentures, Wills, Leases, Releases, Powers, Bonds  
&c. &c. on the most reasonable terms.

NEW-YORK, PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY MING & YOUNG, 102, WATER-STREET,  
WHERE EVERY KIND OF PRINTING IS EXECUTED.—SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR THIS  
PAPER ARE RECEIVED AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.